

**Bomb Me: trans/acting subject into object, an installation  
for R.I. Simon and Angela Failler**

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*Meditation: “Angela, tell me again about those ideas, the ones from your teacher.”*

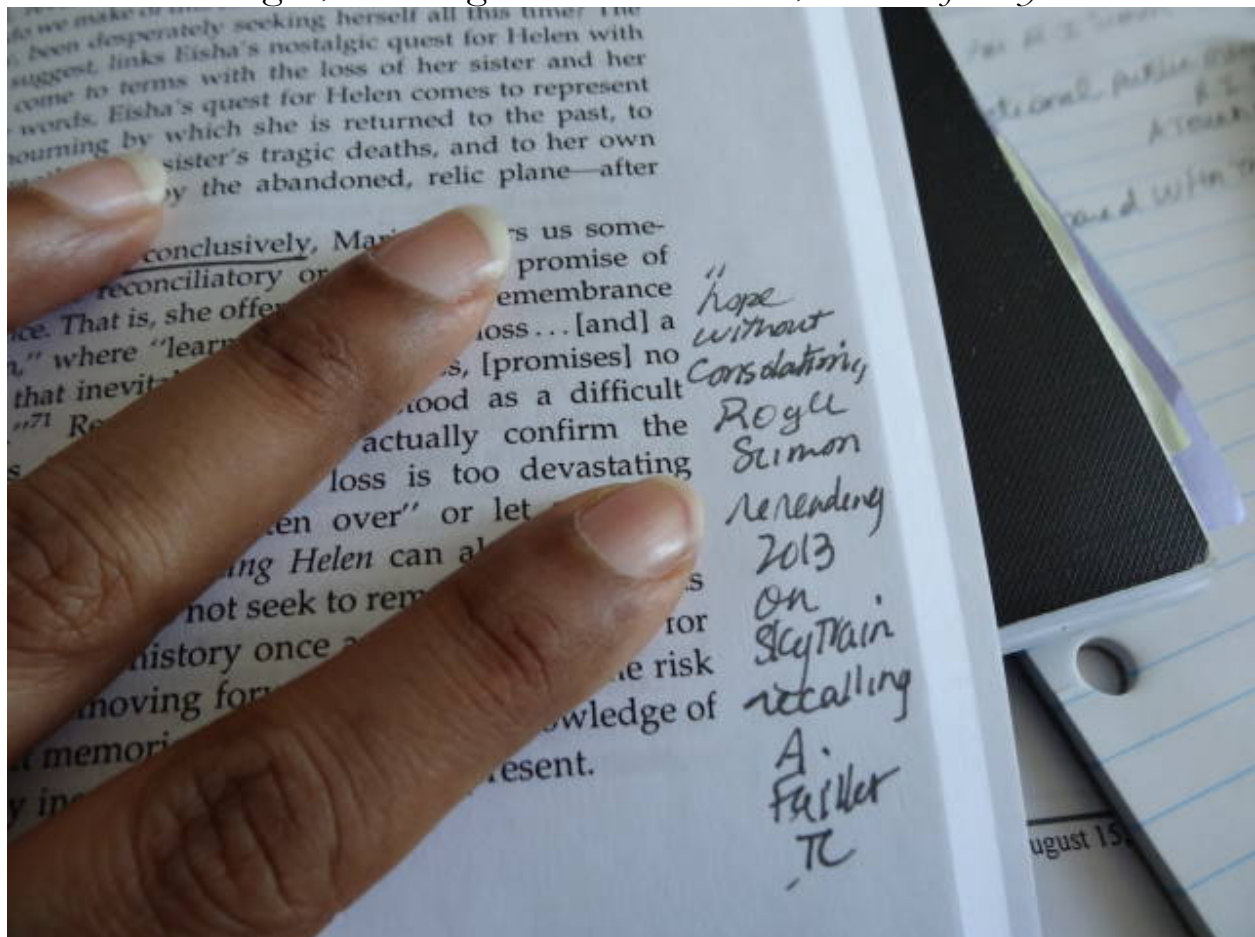
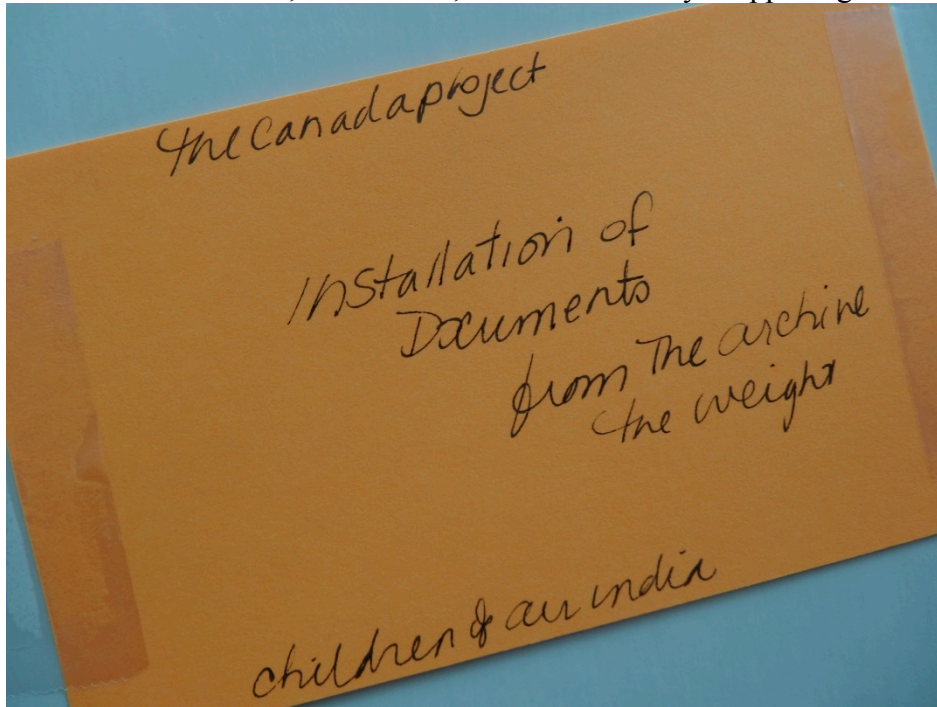


Exhibit: in memoriam, this archive, musée: it is always happening



*air india numerology, incomplete and from a series*

June 23, 1985

1 plane

2 bombs

2 baggage handlers

329 passengers and crew

82 children under the age of 13

137 children under the age of 18

the years: 25, 26, 27, 28...

number of[redactions]: unknown

5 volumes

230 updates

in evidence binders: 3, 300 documents

230 updates

15 research papers

17, 692 documents

27 counts of perjury

64 recommendations

Testimony 85 days

195 witnesses

...to be continued

Exhibit: subject / object





Inside the archive of loss, there is that which is public, an object.

Incident as bombing: objectionable.

Release: the body, subject. Survivor, and family. Inside, what it is means to touch. What it means to live in aftermath.

Subject:: history, a reduction. My hand is made, body to material. Icon-hand.

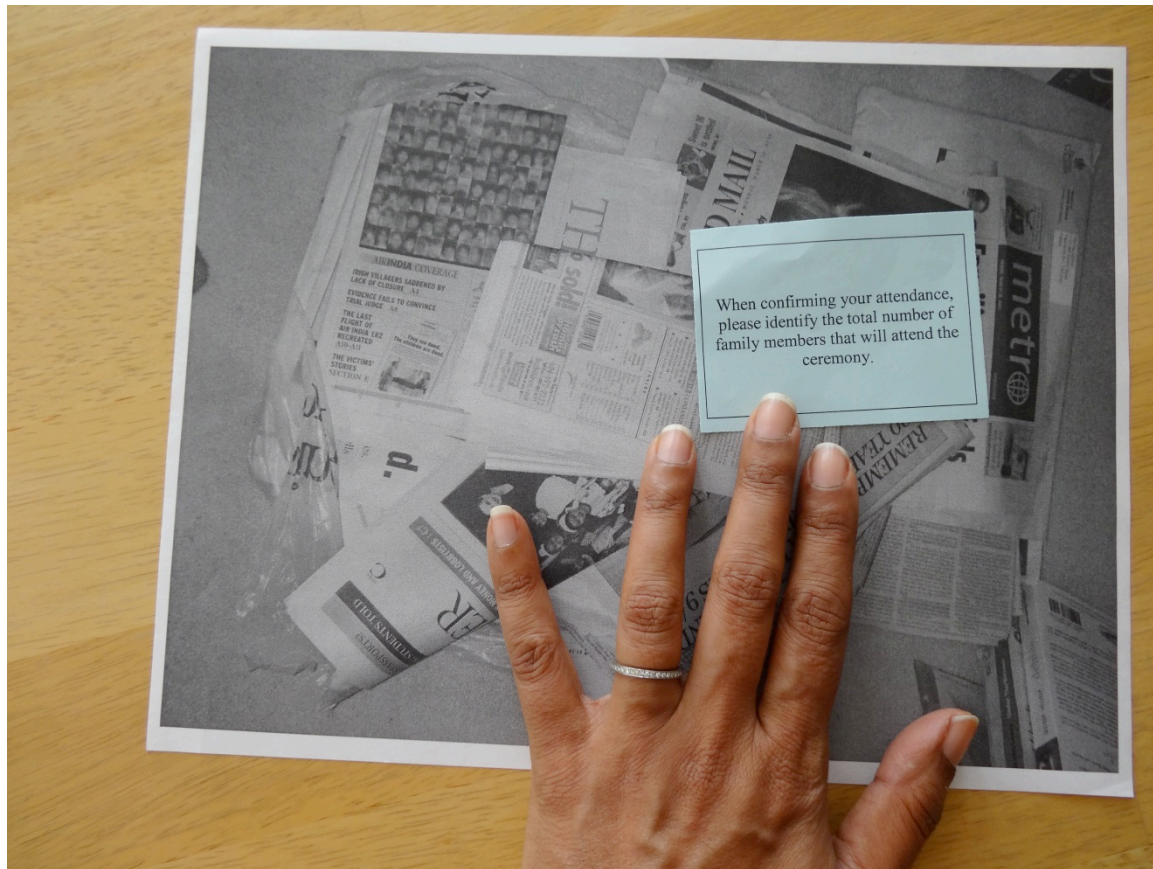
Exhibit: to touch



Subject: this is the hand. The subject is touching. Objection, it is we the living. Replicated. Sara Ahmed writes about a *Willfulness Archive*, examining the hand, the body as resistance. So, too, within the saga that is Air India, we find the body.

Angela, do you remember, in Paris?

We sat on that bench outside the main symposium. We spoke of your teacher, then, too.



### Exhibit: when confirming attendance

When confirming attendance:

Do not speak the words. All questions are exhibitions of violence.

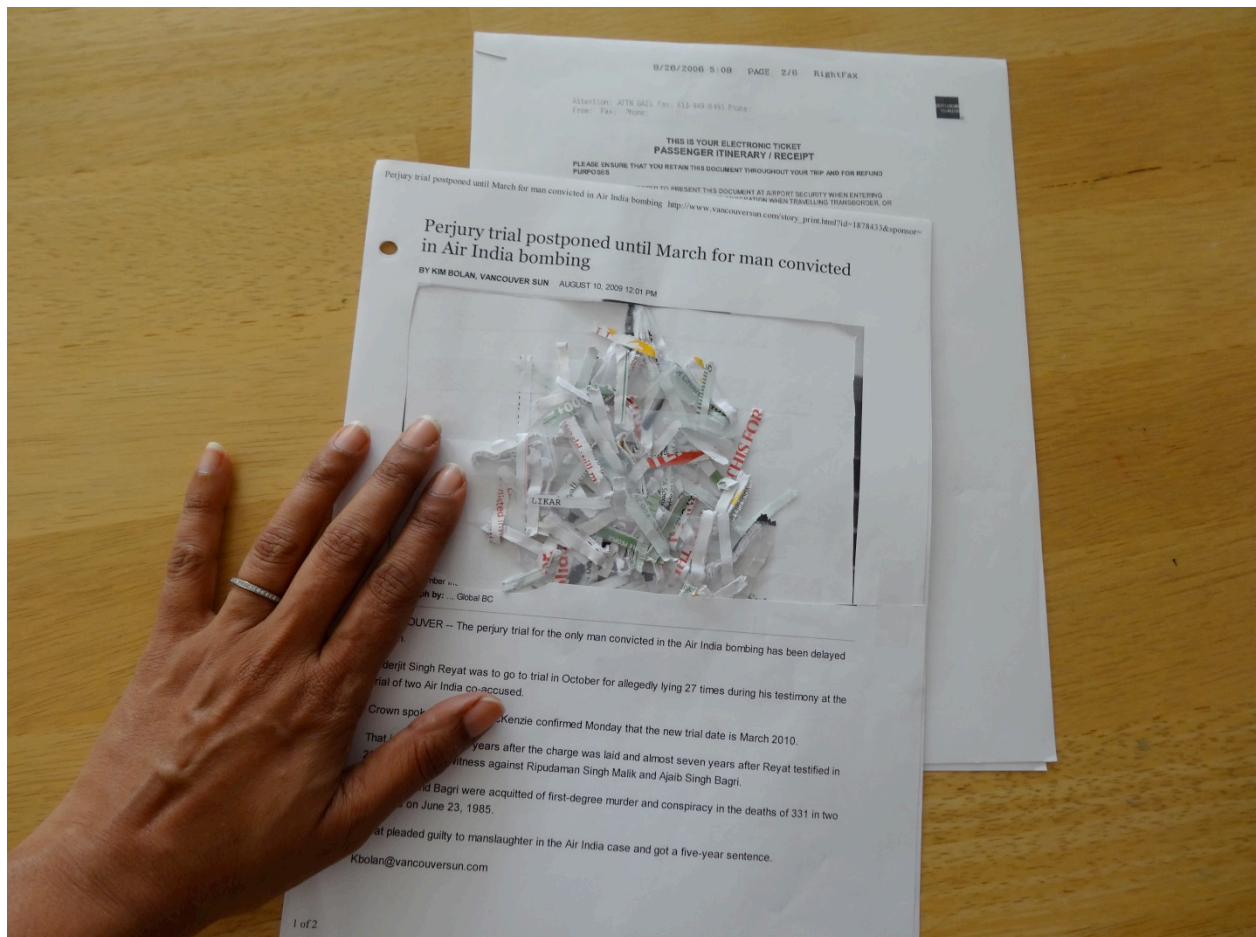


Exhibit: documents and interventions: to touch a system

Into this long shadow...



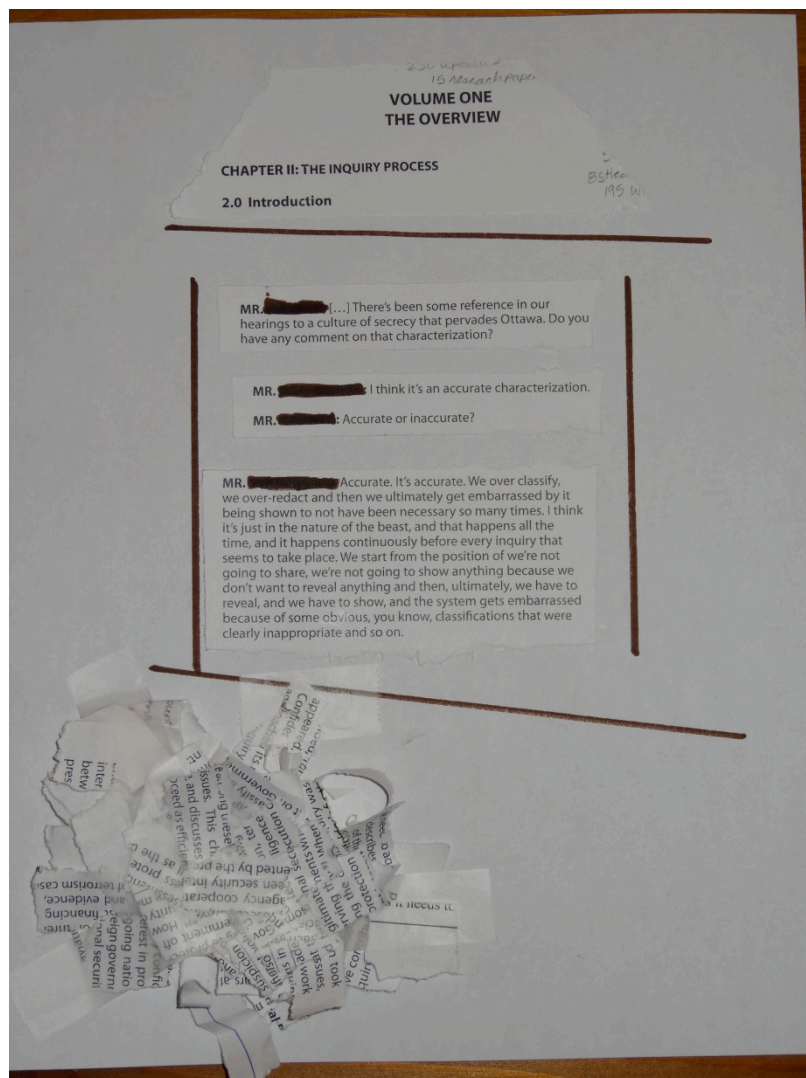


Exhibit: We over redact, we over classify

Winding sheet, the past. O teach us! The body.  
What does it mean to?

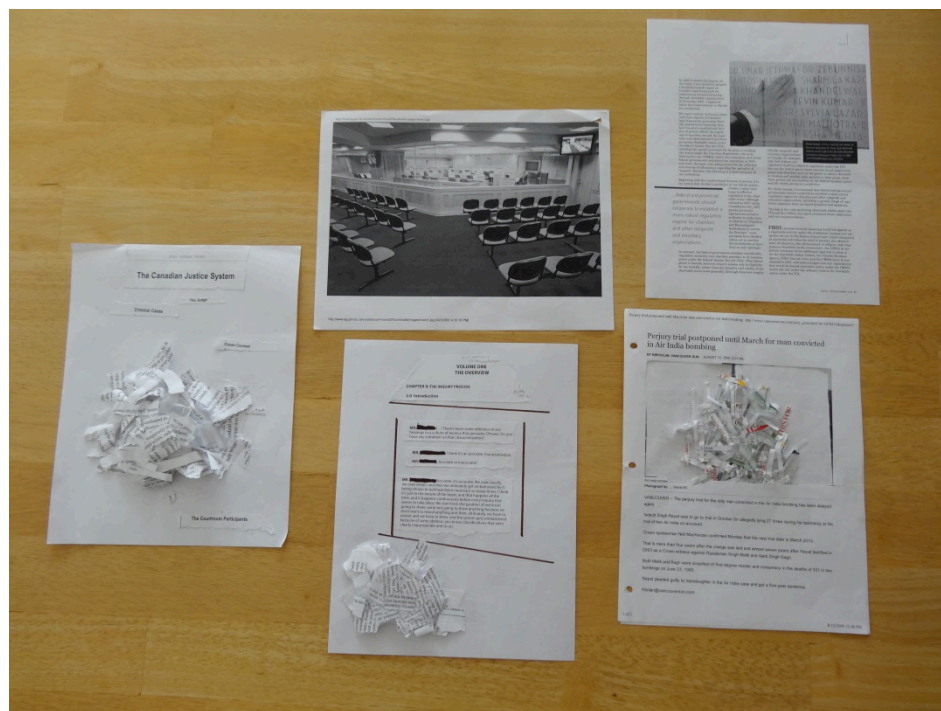


Exhibit: document as guide. And Musée, you, too, shall intervene.

This lexicon is new-old, giving time, another dimension. To exist, not exist.  
 To be a student of the document. To transgress against official narratives.  
 Even into cliché. The weight produces exhaustion. To witness. Everything is continuance—



## Artist Statement

This installation is one of a series made and being made while I write a life-long poem chronicle, *thecanadaproject*. The photographs are taken as I sift through my personal archive, a collection that is at once intimate and filled with fragments from a public repository: that of the bombing of an airplane.

The first completed series of *thecanadaproject* is *Children of Air India*, (Nightwood Editions, 2013) the first sequence of poems about the bombing of Air India Flight 182 to be published in Canada. The bombing took place on June, 23, 1985. All passengers and crew died, including 82 children under the age of 13. My aunt and uncle died in the bombing. In 2009, I began a process of writing about the bombing. That process led me to the work of Angela Failler, and in conversation with her, to the ideas of R.I. Simon.

The current photo series explores the idea of a “transactional space” where private grief meets public memory-history, as un/settled, on/going—where objectification is toyed with, that which is inherent in record-keeping, in news gathering, and in all forms of representation. What does it mean, to exhibit history?

The idea of “transactional or transactive space” comes to me via discussions with Dr. Failler about R.I. Simon’s descriptions of public memory as a “‘shared pedagogy,’” where such memory is not a common story nor even an agreed upon record of history, but a living social practice *through...*” (my emphasis). (Simon, Roger I. *The Touch of the Past: Remembrance, Learning, and Ethics*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1995)

Subjects, always other, in search of becoming—  
An(d) object.

Informant: “She puts that brown hand into her pictures.”